

The Downfall of S E I A N U S, &c.

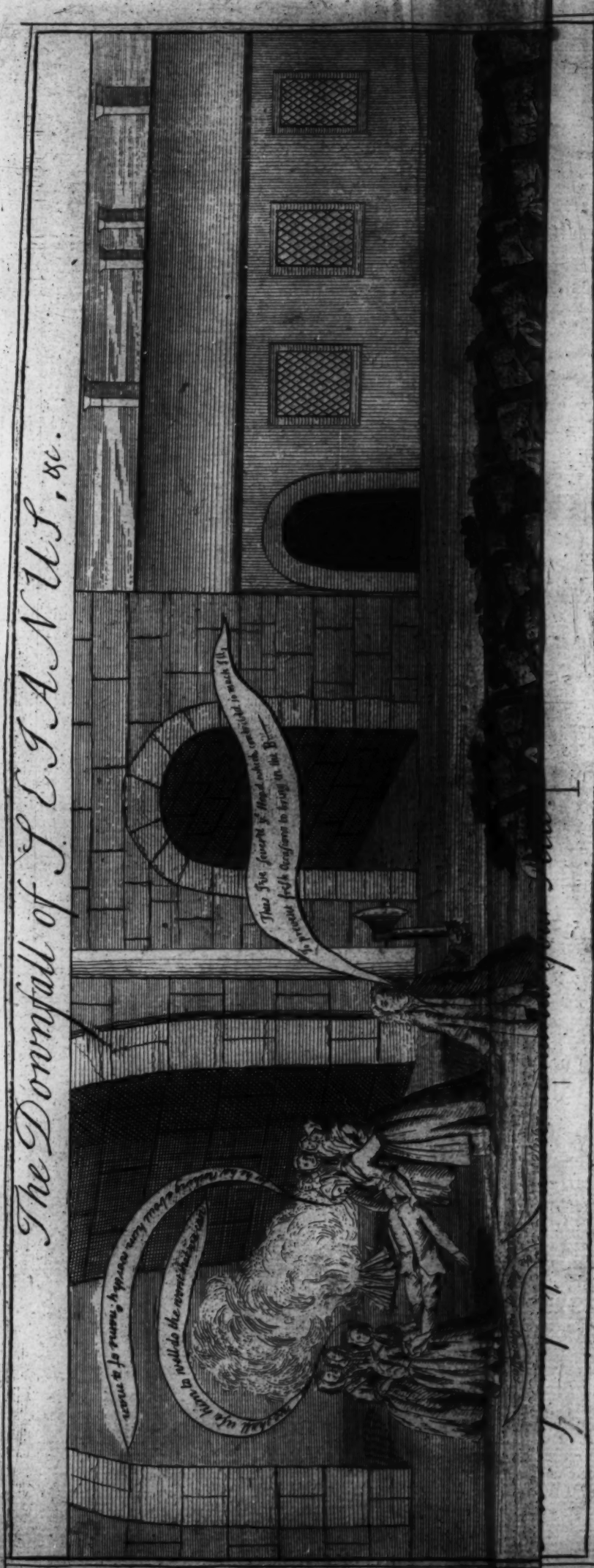


Since Bribes in modren Days so much prevail,
And Votes have daily been Expos'd to Sale;
Since Courtly Ruffians find his Cause decline,
And Gold's the Refuge of his last Design,
'Tis Time brave Britons to Defend your Right,
Nor tamely Sink beneath th' oppressive Weight:
Be yours the glorious Task of just Defence,
To save your Country, and espouse your Prince,
To crush Ambition in its wild Career,
And thunder Vengeance in the Statesmans Ear:
Sever the free-born Native from the Slave,
Degrade the Unworthy, and exalt the Brave
Then wisely on; nor let th' Infection Spread
The Mischief ripens and demands your Aid.

Explode th' Ungen'rous Schemists who'd betray
The Nations Weal and give her Right a way
Exert, once more, your Breast in Freedom's Cause
(For virtuous Caution claims no mean Applause)
Freedom! of all Prerogatives the Chief
Confer'd by Nature to distinguish Life
Honours first Child, and Object of our Choice,
Nor aw'd by Faction, nor deter'd by Vice;
Bold as a Lion which supports her Cause,
And roars Revenge where Force invades her Laws
Spurns the weak Statesmans faithless glittering Showers
And Spite of Gold, derides his baffled Power

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The Downfall of J. E. A. N. U. S., &c.



D. of Grafton
1789

C----- and COUNTRY.

A P L A Y of Seven A C T S.

In which will be reviv'd, the Entertaining Scene of the

BLUNDERING BROTHERS.

To which is Added,

The Comical Humours of PUNCH.

The Whole concluding with the Grand Masque, call'd, *The Downfall of S E J A N U S.*

Written by a MASQUERADER; and Dedicated to those who were present at the last Ball, on Thursday, January 16.

Let's not, for *Party Sake*, incur your Hate,
For we're but Wooden Figures, *Blocks of State*;
Mov'd by the Artists Fingers up and down,
And mean no Harm to *Minister*, or *Crown*.



L O N D O N: Printed for the Author, and sold by
T. Monger in the Strand. 1735. [Price 1s.]

COUNTRY

A P. L. A. C. T. S.



In which will be found the following scene of the

BLUNDERING BROTHERS

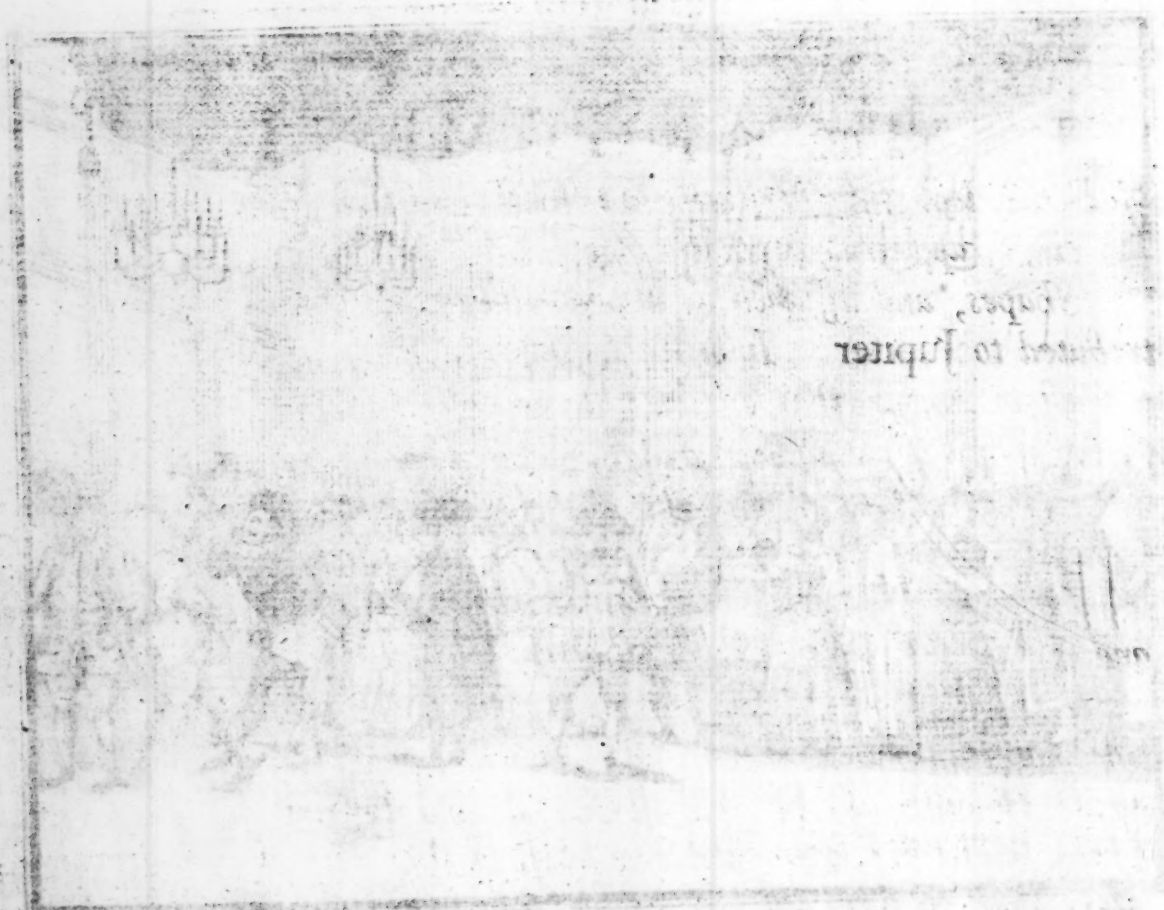
To which is added

The Comical Humours of PUNCH

The Whole concluding with the Grand Masque, call'd The
Dancehall of S. E. J. A. N. U. S.

Written by a MASQUERADE, and Dedicated to those who were present
at the Ball, on Thursday, January 10.

Let's not, for Punch, leave your Hairs
For we're but a poor fellow (Black or White)
Moved by the Author's spirit and down,
And mean no harm to the Author or State.



LONDON: Printed for the Author and sold by
T. Moyle in the Strand, 1735. [Price 1s.]

DEDICATION.

To the Nobility, Gentry, and Others, whether Male, or Female, or by what Names or Titles soever dignified or distinguished, who were present at the *Ball* in the *Hay-Market*, on *Thursday*, *January* 16.



S the *Whim* of the four facetious Masqueraders, who appeared in the Shapes of a *Merry Andrew*, a *Spokesman*, &c. was *entirely New* and *Humorous*, so I make no manner of Doubt but that it was pleasant and entertaining to you all; but more particularly to those two bright Constellations, I mean the Brace of Nymphs, that were nearest to the *Side-board*, and scattered their *Water* in Plenty. Every one knows the great Personage, into whose Hands four of the printed Bills were delivered, and how they were receiv'd: I have therefore nothing more to request than your Patronage for what is contain'd in the following Sheets, which I receiv'd from an unknown Hand, with the Assurance that it is the very same that was mention'd in the *Bills*, given *Gratis* that Night.

I am

Your very humble Servant, &c.

The ARGUMENT.

I F we look into History, we shall find that Vice has most glaringly appeared in every Age, and, like Proteus, in Variety of Shapes, and assumed as many Names, as the old Romans attributed to Jupiter. In order to suppress this growing Evil, it was a Custom among the Ancients to represent such Persons as were guilty of any Enormities, and to mention their Names with Impunity: But in Process of Time they became more refined, and drew Characters according to the Nature of the Vices. The Author of the following Scenes seems to have copied the last mention'd Method, and if I judge right, has drawn the Picture of Prince Menzicoff under the fictitious Name of Dives; for as he was guilty of Ambition, Corruption, Bribery, and Avarice, whereby he amass'd immense Wealth, so he was sentenc'd and suffer'd for his Crimes. How happy are we, who can boast in this vicious and degenerate Age, that we have not one great Man among us, but who abominates Lucre, having Nothing so much at Heart, as the Welfare and Prosperity of his Country!

To the Nobility, Gentry, and Others, whether Male or Female,
or by what Names or Titles soever dignified or distinguished,
who were present at the Play, on the 16th of January 1691.

C----- and Country, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter FABRITIUS and BRUTUS.

Fabrit. ONG have I waited for an Opportunity, so convenient as the present, to disclose those important Secrets, with which my Breast is swoln: To you I dare unfold those melancholy Truths, which shock my Soul, disturb my peaceful Mind, and fill me with most direful Apprehensions. — To you the Cause of Virtue and of Liberty are sacred. — In you the Patriot shines; in you the Statesman graceful does appear. — Your Country's

Welfare guides your active Hand, warms your zealous Heart, and adds a Lustre to your noble Actions. To you I therefore freely speak, regardless of Rebuke or Censure.

Brut. As 'tis my chiefest Pleasure, my *Fabritius*, so shall it always be my utmost Wish to tread the Paths of Virtue and Honour; and as my Sphere of Life is noble and conspicuous, my Station does allot me some Share in the publick Concerns; I would not be either indolent or idle, nor basely treacherous or villainously corrupt. My Country has a Right not to my Wishes only, but my Labours; and when I cease to seek her Glory, and pursue her Interest, may I be made the abject Slave of some aspiring, domineering Minister? May I ne'er taste substantial Bliss, but feed on the deluding Smiles, and empty Promises of Courtiers. Let such be the Portion and Reward of servile Sycophants, flattering Dependants, and all the Under-actors in the black Scene of Vice, Villany, and Corruption. — But what new Sorrows now oppress my Soul? Are there more Miseries and Calamities springing from the Womb of Time? More Ignominies and Contempts to scourge our dastard Spirits?

Fabrit. Daily Misfortunes have not only threaten'd, but invade us: Our Reputation's sunk; our ancient Valour now despised; our former Glory is eclipsed, and all the sacred Ties of Friendship broke, scoff'd at, or forgot. What must such Omens, so portentous, presage and signify! Protect and save us, thou guardian Angel of our dear *Atlantis*. The fatal Hour, I fear, and the concluding Period of *Atlantick* Glory, now draw near.

O great *Atlantis*, Land revered of Old,
In former Ages famous and renown'd,
Patron of Liberty, and Nurse of Heroes;
The Tyrant's Scourge, to the Distress'd a Friend;
Once Umpire of Disputes, and Judge of Royal
Quarrels, supreme Lord of all the Ocean;
How is the Glory sunk! Thy Greatness lost!

Brut. Resplendent is thy generous Zeal, and noble Ardor for thy Country. How glorious and beautiful is Patriotism! How heroically great are Virtue and Integrity amidst Corruption and Villany! How divine the Desire of Fame and Liberty, when many, ah! too many were prone and pleased to sink in Slavery, and to be buried in Oblivion! — But let us waste no Time, *Fabritius*, in Sighs and in effeminate Complaints, but to the Senate go, and there unfold all our Suspicions, and, without Fear, declare our Apprehensions.

hensions. A generous Stand may stop impending Ruin, and seasonable Opposition stem the rushing Torrent of approaching Evils. — Behold, two Wretches this Way steer their Course, who in their Faces the Appearance bear of Men; but yet no better are than Spaniels, that fetch and carry, leap o'er a Stick, or do whatever they are commanded. 'Tis not for you and I to be seen in their Company.

*Let servile Slaves, for Hire, Obedience pay,
Their Country at their Lord's Command betray;
A noble Ardor does our Breasts inspire,
In both let's kindle true heroick Fire,
Our Rights and Liberties are all that we desire.*

Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pecuniosus and Aulus.

Pecun. *I* Congratulate your good Success with *Dives*. To speak the Truth, he has done Justice to your Merit; for so fine, so accomplish'd a Gentleman, should not want a suitable Provision.

Aul. You do me a great deal of Honour, Sir, to take Notice of my Qualifications and Accomplishments; I hope I shall fill the Post, that *Dives* hath conferr'd on me, to his Satisfaction, and my own Profit.

Pecun. I wish I had the Honour of being so much favour'd by him, as to receive his Commands; no Man should be more faithful, or more grateful. — But, alas! it is my Misfortune not to be any Way related to him; neither have I as yet done him any important Service, tho' I have constantly both in publick and private Conversation applauded his Actions, and always gave him my Voice and Interest.

Aul. Surely *Dives* entertains some Jealousy of you. — Are you not intimate with some of the Male-Contents? The Maligners, Backbiters, Scriblers, Craftsmen, or Verifiers? If you have been seen in Company with any of these, your Character is lost. — Or, perhaps, you have been so imprudent, as to espouse the Cause of Virtue, Justice, and Honour; or you have —

Pecun. No, truly, I am not conscious of having given him any Disgust. All my Actions have been calculated for the Meridian of my own Emolument: My shatter'd Fortune and desperate Circumstances are incomparable with Virtue and Honour. To support myself decently, I am oblig'd to run any Lengths, and embarque in the Cause most agreeable to *Dives*.

Aul. If you will follow my Counsel, I dare promise you cannot long want Preferment.

Pecun. With Pleasure I shall hear your Proposals, and with Sincerity will prosecute them.

Aul. I understand that you are unmarried; now there is a Lady, pretty well advanced in Years, who has a moderate Fortune, but is related to *Dives*. Marry her, and if I judge not amiss, your Fortune will certainly be made for ever.

Pecun. Your Scheme has an Air of Probability, and gains my Approbation; I will begin the Attempt without Delay.

Aul. I heartily wish you all the Success, you can desire in obtaining the Lady, and a good Place. But here comes *Nigerrimus*, he is a near Relation of *Dives*; I will take this Opportunity to be inform'd of some Particulars for your Advantage.

Pecun. You are very obliging.

Exit.

Enter Nigerrimus.

Niger. I am very glad to see you, Sir; have you paid your Devoir at the Levee of the great *Dives* this Morning?

Aule. I never fail in my Duty, or my Gratitude to *Dives*, my grand Benefactor.

Niger. What News do you hear? Is any Thing remarkable stirring? Was my noble Kinsman serene and gay, as usual?

Aule. All Smiles and Complaisance, according to his Custom. — Tho' I could not refrain from observing with Regret, that his Levee was not so numerous, as I have seen it. Heaven send it forebodes no ill to him.

Niger. How poor, how pusillanimous a Thought do you entertain! — What can touch, or reach him? Is he not the Sun of our Orb? When he withdraws his radiant Beams, Darkness and Confusion will overwhelm our new *Atlantis* and the Kingdom of *Eutopia* in general. Our Peace and Happiness subsist by him; the mightiest Monarchs tremble at his Nod, War's loud Alarms are hush'd if he but frowns, and if a pleasant Countenance he wears, the Ocean smiles with Plenty. The Southern Powers of *Greece* applaud his Counsels, and those of Northern *Lapland* dread him.

Aule. Happy are you, who have in Politics conversant been, and versed in Mysteries of State; you know these Things, and Foreign Courts familiar are to you; but I to all their different Interests am a Stranger.

Niger. I with some Foreign Employes have been honour'd; the Hearts of Princes, their Interests, and their Dignities I know; nor am I ignorant of my own great Parts, my Qualifications, and great Alliances; therefore I never cringed to Princes, stifled my Jest, or curb'd my Inclinations to gratify the Form of Ceremony, Decency or Respect.

Aule. I am not unacquainted with your Boldness of Spirit in the Northern Parts; your Assurance and Behaviour was highly extolled and magnified by your Friends, tho' some Persons charge you with Want of due Respect, and Decency to your Superiors.

Niger. Their Smarts, their Censures I despise, desert: — I neither want or value their good Word. — My Alliance is my Safe-guard, my Riches my Support and Comfort. — But, methinks, I see the grand Triumvirate make their Approaches this Way, and good Manners reach us to retire.

Aule. I find he can shew Respect to his Relations, tho' he refuses to give it to Princes. *Aside.*

When Favours are conferr'd on wealthy Fools,

They prove at best but vain and empty Tools:

Then say, whom most we justly should deride,

The Fool, or him, who puffs him up with Pride? *[Aside.] [Exeunt.]*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dives, Superbus, and Profusus.

The Scene opens, and discovers Brutus, Fabritius, Horatius, and the whole Senate sitting.

Brut. **M**OST venerable Fathers, the Love of Justice and Liberty, the Cause of my Sovereign and my Country, have ever warm'd my Breast, inspired my Actions, and employ'd my Life: If therefore I should be silent when Dangers threaten, and Calamities hover o'er our Heads, I may be thought to desert and betray my Charge, my King, and my Country.

1st Sen.

1st. *Senat.* Your Zeal and Ardor is not unknown to this august Assembly: Their Call dour to you, and Justice to Delinquents, you need not doubt. Proceed, therefore, speak, declare, and lay your Complaints before us.

Brut. Your Goodness, thus promised, encourages my Design. — Of late divers malignant Stars have shed their poisonous Influence on our life; our Glory fades, our Reputation withers, and our Prosperity decays. Whence arise these Evils and Plagues to our Constitution? 'Tis your Business, Conscript Fathers, to search and examine, 'tis my Duty to give all possible Assistance. I have unravelled some Mysteries of State, which will detect those Means, by which our Shame and Detriment have been introduced, and the Persons criminal, shall be known and specified. What I have observed is a notorious, and almost epidemical Corruption; nay, Corruption has been publicly vindicated, and by sophistical Arguments proved useful and necessary. An ambitious Thirst of Power and Greatness in some, their monopolizing all Places of Trust, Profit, or Power, whereby the Generous and the Noble are excluded, has rendered the greatest Patriots contemptible, and almost useless. They have imbibed an avaritious Love of Riches, which always tempts its Votaries to all Scenes of Wickedness, Injustice, and Oppression. They tenaciously adhere to a strange Conceitedness and Opinion of some particular Schemes and Projects, hatch'd, contriv'd, and invented by themselves? these Schemes and Projects, thus hatched by them, are directly opposite to our Happiness, obscure our Glory, diminish our Trade and Commerce. — These are the Sources of those Evils, of which we now complain, which we shall hereafter feel, and too late lament. — Your Wisdom, Conspicuous Fathers, must stop these Sources, and the Cannel, which flows with innumerable Evils, will then be dry, barren of Mischief, and void of future Calamities.

Fabrit. That worthy Senator has in general pointed out the Mysteries of Iniquity, which weaken our State, and render our Constitution sick and languid, 'tis our Parts to apply proper Remedies, and, like skillful Physicians, cut off the corrupt and gangrened Members, before the whole Body be infected. It is therefore my Opinion, to examine instantly, to enquire, and search into the Cause of all our Grievances, to discover the Motives of the general Murmurs, Disquiet, and Uneasiness, which haunt and possess the People's Minds and Souls: And then the Cause once known, to pursue with Rigour and Justice, those false, weak, or corrupt Persons, who have endangered our State, ruined our Repose, blasted our Fame, and lessened our Power.

2d. *Senat.* Agreeable to the Opinion of that Senator, that spoke last, let us all unanimously assent, most noble Fathers, to postpone the Dispatch of all other Business and Affairs, and apply ourselves to this grand, this important Inquiry.

All Senat. Agreed, agreed.

Brut. Fathers, let us not proceed with Rashness, Malice, or Injudiciousness: But let us furnish ourselves with proper Materials for a full Detection and Discovery of the Truth. Let Papers, Orders, Settlements, Compacts and Agreements, be laid before us. — Let Persons, Officers, Ministers, and others, attend us: Then let us examine with Resolution, judge with Courage, and punish with Severity, or acquit the Accused with Honour.

All Senat. Be it so, be it so.

3d. *Senat.* We will proceed on this Affair To-morrow, and nothing shall intervene to hinder us.

Brut.

For salutary Ends our Laws were made,

No vile Delinquent shall their Force evade:

Justice, tho' blind, impartially does act,

And with the Sword will punish each base Fact.

Let wealthy Traitors feed their Minds with Hope,

They'll find their Destiny is Ax, or Rope.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I

SCENE, The Senate-House.

1st. *Senat.* **N**OW, Gentlemen, let us proceed to the Business of the Day.

Harat. I may, perhaps, from several Circumstances, be supposed partial to those, who are the Objects of the Resentment of this venerable Assembly, but yet when I reflect upon the Honour and Justice of this noble Senate, I am not afraid to declare my Sentiments with Freedom and Boldness.

Boldness. ---- That Affairs have not succeeded so prosperously as we could wish and expect; that we are still kept in Suspence and Uncertainty, is not owing to the Ignorance of the Managers, as some do insinuate, so much as to the Caprice of Fortune, and to strange, and unforeseen Accidents. The best concerted Measures have been often defeated, and the wisest Politicians mistaken and out-witted. Where various Wheels are necessary to perpetuate a Motion, 'tis no wonder that they are sometimes stop'd, or obstructed; so that Necessity, or rather Fatality, must be allowed some Share in the Ill-succes that is now complain'd of. Again, Worthy Fathers, it is objected against *Dives*, that he has remarkably prefer'd his Relations and Friends; is there any Thing more natural and reasonable? If he has by a provident Conduct rais'd an ample Fortune, it may be the Object of Envy, but ought not to be an Argument of Guilt. If he has gain'd Honour and Titles for himself and Family, they were given as Royal Acknowledgements and Rewards of consummate Merit, and great Capacity. I cannot therefore believe a few popular Clamours, rais'd by mercenary Scribblers, or disappointed Male-Contents, will so far prevail and prejudice this wise Assembly, to condemn the Innocent, the Worthy, and the Excellent *Dives*.

2d. *Senat.* Let us suspend the further Consideration of this Matter 'till To-morrow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Dives and Superbus.

Div. What, am I then deserted and betray'd by my own servile Creatures? Will not some Foreign Powers lend any Assistance to support me? Are all my Favours so soon forgot? And all my Golden Showers dry'd up? O, perverse Fortune! O fickle, and inconsistent Man!

Superb. My Lord, Complaints are fruitless; you consume your Spirits, and waste your Time in Folly. ---- Summons all your Courage, Cunning, and Resolution: Try all Arts, Means, and Flatteries. --- Promise some, threaten others, and boast of Innocence to all. As for my Part, I am certainly less obnoxious to popular Clamours, and universal Hatred, yet I fear I shall fall with you.

Enter to them Horatius.

Horat. Your Orders and Instructions, Lord *Dives*, to the *Carthagian* Court, I prosecuted with all manner of Secrecy and Punctuality: But how cold was I receiv'd! how different a Reception did I find from what I formerly met with! ---- Their Turn is served; now they forget us; nay, despise and laugh at us, so that no Hope, my Lord, can arise from that Quarter.

Div. To what a wretched State am I driven! must I fall a Sacrifice to *Brutus*, and his pretended Patriots? must all my Pomp and Greatness vanish like a Vapour? Must I be condemn'd, scorn'd, arraign'd, condemn'd and executed? I cannot bear the galling Thought ---- To *Placidus* I will submit, and his Protection crave; if denied I will not fall alone, or unreveng'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aulus, Pecuniosus, and Nigerrimus.

Aul. (*Speaking to Pecuniosus.*) Well, Sir, have you succeeded? Has my Advice contributed to your Happiness, or Fortune?

Pecun. Your Intention was generous and friendly, though my Fate is malicious; your Scheme comes too late.

Aul. If it is probable and reasonable, how can it come too late?

Pecun. Times are changing, Sir, and I must also change my Way of Thinking and Acting ---- 'Tis rumour'd that *Dives* will be impeach'd.

Niger. Base, ungenerous Wretch! how have I seen thee servilely cringe, and lowly bow to *Dives* (like the idolatrous *Persians* who adore the rising Sun) while he held the Reins of Power and Authority?

Pecun. I own, Sir, that, like the *Persians*, I adore the rising Sun; the setting Sun does always bring uncomfortable Night, and miserable Darkness with it.

Aul. I pity, from my Soul I pity the unfortunate *Dives*, and his approaching Fate; I cannot be unmindful of his Favours, and Graces to me. But Interest and Self-preservation render it dangerous to appear in his Behalf.

Niger. Cannot Gratitude and Honour inspire you with more generous Sentiments? Cannot the Sense of all his Goodness and Benefactions to you, excite your Hearts to higher Acts, than those despicable ones of Pity? For Shame, ye base, degenerate Wretches, whose Souls are all *Plebeian*, exert yourselves for your Patron; vindicate his Character, and justify his Conduct.

Pecun.

Pecun. Your own Interest and private Views dictate this Philosophy: you seem more afraid of losing the Advantages you received from your Patron, than of losing the Patron himself. You have no Chance, no Pretence to any Grace from his Successor, therefore are desirous of his Continuance and Support: You with *Dives* may flourish, tho' *Atlantis* perish; you would gladly build your own Greatness on your Country's Ruin. But as for me, I have some Principles, some Love for our Commonwealth, and Concern for its Grandeur and Prosperity.

Niger.

*Could you but view Mens Souls, you soon wou'd find
Scarce one in ten, whom Intrest does not bind:
Intrest the Main-spring is, and if that fails,
Then tell me what the whole Machine avails.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Being the Scene of the *Blundering Brothers.*

The Curtain rises, and discovers Rabi Blunder and Saphick.

Rab. **T**HANKS to the Gods, who've crown'd my elder Days
With deathless Honours, and immortal Praise,
Whose Influence shone upon my younger Prime,
And promis'd fuller Joys in future Time.

Sap. Such patriot Breasts seem Heaven's peculiar care;
Drop down like Stars, to illuminate our Spheres!
Succeeding Times shall boast how firm you stood,

How staunch to Trust, you stem'd a boist'rous Flood,
With *Phœbus* ran a steady Course of Years,
Whilst the same Fire and Spirit still appears!
How *Moses*-like you broke our captive Chains,

And turn'd our Desarts into fruitful Plains,
Stopt the Career of *Jebu's* rapid Wheel,
Oppos'd his Race, and foil'd his Barbed Steel;
Such Faith recording Annals shall unfold,
And *Blunder* live in monumental Gold.

Rab. No more; the Business of the Day comes on,

Demands Dispatch; and speaks what must be done;

Our Foes are numerous, and the grumbling Crowd

Mix their Complaints; and like the Winds grow loud;

Like *Jove's* Twin-planets we'll bear equal Sway,

Fix'd Constellations of propitious Day;

Yet here alone, we'll differ from his Race,
They shine alternate, we conjunctly blaze.

Sap. Success attend the glorious Toil in Hand,

Speed ev'ry Wish, and drain the fatten'd Land.

But say, what Scheme (for the exalted Sense,
Can cover Hell-born Fraud with fair Pretence)

Impart the Joy, and let it still be known,
That *Sap* and *Blunder* shall be ever one.

Rab. To thee, whom Nature has so near ally'd,

With brazen Front-piece, and despotick Pride;
Whose thoughtless Looks betray that empty

Space, and with mild Force
Where NOTHING reigns; and plays about thy

Face the Cause I'll ope, the Matter I'll unfold,
With Mountain Hopes, that swell with Tuns

of Gold.

Sap. Oh, *Blunder*! how my working Passions move,

At this kind Instance of fraternal Love;

My Blood runs resurgent thro' my trembling Veins,

And something whispers I shall share the Gains.

Rab. Time and Occasion may do wondrous Feats,

Time ripens Mischief, whilst Occasion waits;
Till then, no more, for lo! my Minions

throng,
Thicken in Form, and jostling crowd along;

In suppliant Posture at my Shrine they bow,
Rise with my gracious Nod, or tumble low;

Enter Lord Lackwit, Sir Whiffle Youngster,

False-in-game and Mouseborn, bowing low.

S. Whif. Hail! to the mighty *Blunder* of the Age,

Whose Beauties shine thro' *Courty Lackwit's* Page;

[*He points to Lord Lackwit.*]

With

With *Cringe* obsequious, here behold we stand. *L. Lack.* Hence from his Sight, ye *Stupid*

With *False-in-game* and *Mouseborn* Hand in Hand. *Sons of War,* Must you no sooner ask, than he must grant?

Rab. Your Zeal, my Lord, for my depending Cause, What is this the Method to exalt his Fame,

Gives you no small Pretension to Applause; And make his Actions deathless as his Name?

The mighty Favour I with Pleasure own, *Rab.* Hold! hold! they write for Bread,

And thus adopt Thee for my P---n---d Son: Their Cries seem just, and Hunger must be fed;

Be twice Five Hundred Pounds thy Annual Rent, *He gives 'em Money.*

Charg'd, without Tax, upon the G---r. Here, let me see how Gold inspires the Muse,

L. Lack. When Virtue, stain'd by factious Bookworms stands, 'Tis a rich Cordial, and of Sov'reign Use;

The Pen should be employ'd, as well as Hands, Blazon my Worth, gloss ev'ry Failing o'er,

Satire should then, impartially severe, Lessen my Faults and aggrandize my Pow'r;

Strike at the Guilty, nor be aw'd by Fear; Thro' distant Climates let my Merit ring,

For Party Rage without Distinction raves, My Motto this, My Country, and my King:

Mingling the free-born Natives with the Slaves, Here let my Conduct, there my Faith be told,

S. Whif. Behold th' Avengers of great Blunder's Name, My small Possessions, my Contempt of Gold;

The matchless Mouseborn, and fam'd False-in-game! My Love for D'Anvers, and my Hate to

With equal Skill both took the Paper Field, Strife, But not one Word of PENSIONS for your Life:

And, tho' repuls'd with Shame, would never yield. *False.* ----- Sir, we'll ne'er abandon

Rab. Your Praise confirms 'em generous and bold, So firm a Patriot, whilst we've Legs to stand

Nor shall such Secret Service want for Gold; And, tho' your Honour has supply'd our Call

Envy will Rise, and, with malignant Force, With Golden-Ink, we'll dip our Pens in Gall.

Bellow revengeful Arms to check its Course; *Excunt Sir Whif. False. and Mouseb.*

For this Craft triumphs, for this Sheer-wit sings, *Rab.* My Spirits flag, my Blood forsakes

The Fall of Statesmen, and the Fate of Kings. I dread my Brother should mistake the Case;

L. Lack. Vain is their restless Spirit, vain their Rage, His constant Error, and excuseless Fault,

And vain their Doctrines to reclaim the Age: Is Want of Judgment, and a Want of Thoughts!

Thy Pow'r and Treasure like a Storm descends, But what tho' Nature hasn't bestow'd him

To blast their Hopes, and gain Thee faster Friends, Parts,

False-in-game and *Mouseborn* present My Pow'r can answer for his mean Deserts.

Rab. with a Petition, which he returns, and orders one of 'em to read. 'Tis true, the Points he treated on Abroad,

Sir, by Petition, humbly we implore, Requir'd a Genius absolutely Good;

To snack some Part of your Peruvian Ore, And where Perplexities confound the Mind,

Or else, by G---d, we never can write more. The Brains grows addled, and the Senses blind;

Our Ink and Paper, like our Wits, consume. I'll move his Stay; for something pleads aloud

Our Landlord rags, and swears he'll lock the Room, To veil his Foible from the cens'ring Crowd.

And if once padlock'd out, where can we come? *Aside.*

Some little Bill, directed to the Bank, E'er long we'll meet, till then, my Lord, adieu,

Drawn upon Mess. Smoakers, or Sir Frank, I've something here, *pointing to his Head*

Will plump our Guts, nor make 'em look so lank, and shall provide for You. *Exit.*

In hopes Your Honour will not let us rue, *L. Lack.* That's well; now, now's the

We've sign'd our Names (as much as we can do) Crisis of my Fate,

And not much more's expected, Sir, from you. To shine some glorious Figure in the State;

On those *black Scrolls* employ thy piteous Eyes,

Shows him a Craftsman. For when his *Fame's eclips'd*, our *Glory* dies.

L. Lack. No more, *Sir Whiffle*, 'tis decreed that they

Shall quit the Field of *Contest*, or obey;

The *Pow'r's* still lodg'd within our *Patron's* Hand,

And where the *Law's* in Force, who dares withstand?

Mean time, we'll argue, meet, consult, advise, And search like *Quacks*, where the Distemper lies;

S. Whif. Bravely resolv'd, then with united Force,

We'll chase the *Foe*, and drive him from the Course. *[Exeunt.]*

The Scene opens and discovers Rabi in a melancholly Posture; he rises and comes forward.

S. Pol. Oh! what an *Art*, what *Cunning* it requires

To banish *Grandeur* from our soft Desires; To breathe in Sounds melodious, soft, and sweet,

And lay the *Purple* at the Fair One's Feet?

What *Pow'r* has Beauty over all Mankind, From the great Monarch, to the vulgar Hind?

Such is my Fate, and such the cruel Fair, I mourn in Sighs, and languish in Despair; My Staff, my *Pow'r*, my *Treasure* I'd resign, To die in Transport, and to make her mine.

Enter Lord Lackwit and Sir Whiffle Youngster.

S. Whif. The Cause is lost, the luckless Day demands

Immediate *Succours* from the Heart and Hands.

Fortune at length has turn'd th' *uneven Scale*,

The *Teas* are vanquish'd, and the *Nays* prevail.

Rab. Haste, my Lord *Lackwit*, to the scribbling Crew,

Summon their *Force*, and let 'em join with You.

Hark! how the Streets resound the *Conq'ror's* Name,

To their great *Honour*, our eternal *Shame*;

Urge ev'ry Reason in your *Patron's* Praise,

Urge ev'ry Reason in the *Foe's* Disgrace;

Cover each doubtful Sentence thick with Art,

Enforce the Judgment, and attract the Heart;

Let *Satire* rage with an *unbounded Power*,

And run the Round of *Malice* o'er and o'er,

Till *Faction*, aw'd by *Power*, declines her Place,

And sues for *PARDON* by some *ACT* of

GRACE.

ACT VI. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Senators consulting.

Brat. — **S**UCH was always my Suspicion; so just my Apprehensions. I did not enveigh against *Sejanus*, *Envergrandus*, or Cardinal *Woolfs*, without just Grounds and a substantial Foundation: I was willing to let *Dives* see his own Character and Image thro' their Mirrors; and I hoped he wou'd have wiped off those Specks, and cut off those Excrescences, which are now become monstrous Tumors, and odious Leprosies. His Guilt, so apparent and evident, calls upon our Wisdom and Prudence to act with Candor and Justice; to temper Mercy with Justice, if there be any Room for it; to proceed slowly, yet securely; to save our Country, retrieve our Glory, and revive our Fame.

Fabrit. I have no Reason to call in Question the Opinion and Resolution of this august Assembly, touching the Guilt and Male-practice of *Dives* and his Associates; but I remember it was this Day said by a Senator, who spoke in his Behalf, that he had the Saction of Royal Authority to justify his Measures: This was strenuously argued and insisted upon, but though it was one of his own Subterfuge's and Finesses, however it may not be imprudent in us to address the good and gracious *Placidus* on this Matter.

2d. Senat. No truer Father of his Country, or a more firm Protector of our Lives and Liberties than *Placidus*, the Sun e'er saw; on nothing more intent is his Royal Mind, than our Prosperity and Welfare: His own Felicity, he professes to be involv'd in ours, and verily believes he never can be great and happy, if poor and miserable his Subjects are.

All Senat. Agreed; let us wait on *Placidus*. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

A Palace, King Placidus under a Canopy of State, attended by Lords, Guards, &c.

Enter Senators, and make their Obeisance.

Brut. Most gracious *Cesar*, ever August, ever Victorious, ever Happy; your loyal Senate, in Confidence of your known Goodness, and paternal Love to your Subjects, humbly beg Leave to lay their Complaints and Grievances before your Imperial Majesty; and that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to deliver up into the Hands of Justice, your Minister *Dives*, and his Accomplices, the Authors of all our Misfortunes; that they may be tried and judged according to the ancient and known Laws of our Constitution and Government.

Plac. Assure yourselves, most worthy Senators, of my Readiness to grant this, and all other Requests founded on Reason and Justice. I have no arbitrary and tyrannick Views to enslave my good Subjects; their Greatness is my Glory, and their Happiness will make me Happy: The one cannot subsist without the other. According therefore to your Request, I leave those evil Men to Law and Justice.

All Senat. For ever live the great, august, the glorious and invincible *Cesar*. [*Exeunt Sen.*]

A C T VII. S C E N E I.

The Scene changes to the Senate-house, the Senators sitting in their Places, Officers of Justice attending, Dives and other Criminals standing at the Bar.

Horat. **T**IS hard, 'tis wondrous hard, the Guilt of many should be transferr'd to one; and it carries the Countenance of Malice, not of Justice, as if Picques and Resentment guided our Councils; or, as if it were necessary that one must fall a Sacrifice to satisfy popular, but ungrounded, Discontents, and gratify the sanguinary Thirst of private Enemies.

Brut. A decent and modest Liberty of Speech was ne'er denied in this Assembly; but publicly and opprobiously to charge this august Assembly with Malice, deserves severe Censure and Animadversion, if nothing worse ---- Indeed, considering by what Ties you are bound to the unhappy *Dives*, you may plead in Mitigation of the Rudeness of your Expressions, and plead for Pardon.

Horat. That I was too rash and precipitate in my Expressions, I confess; and humbly beg Pardon of the Senate. --- A Soul, so confused and disturb'd as Mine, a Soul agitated with such various Motions, and shock'd at the approaching and tragical Catastrophe, cannot be Serene and Calm, or guarded.

Senat. We forgive you, we forgive you. --- Proceed.

Horat. Your Candour and Goodness, most Eminent Fathers, with Thanks and Gratitude I acknowledge. --- Oh! That you would be Compassionate to the unfortunate *Dives*, and shew Mercy to him instead of strict Justice and Severity! O venerable Fathers, the Blood of one Man cannot reconcile and cement discording Nations: One Sacrifice cannot Expiate and make Attonement for the various Perjuries and Violation of Publick Faith: The offended Gods dart not their Vengeance on every Criminal; --- Mercy may reclaim Delinquents, and refraining from Punishment, may add for the future a useful Member to Society.

Brut. Mercy and Compassion are natural to human Constitutions; to this Assembly it was never wanting; but if thro' Kindness, or Excess of Clemency, the Senate should be induced to pardon such enormous Misdemeanours, so long a Series of complicated Crimes, they would sap their own Foundation, and subvert their own Basis. --- As the Hopes of Impunity is a Motive to perpetrate the greatest Villainy, so the Apprehension and Terror of Punishment is the greatest on the Licentious and the Bold. It would be Weakness therefore rather than Mercy, it would be Madness rather than good Nature, to pardon the Man, who would have destroy'd our Constitution, taken away our Liberties, and made us, our Children, and Posterity, Slaves for ever. --- Besides, Precedents should be avoided, if possible, because they always have a dangerous Tendency, and ought to be seldom made, and even then with the greatest Caution, as they are an Encouragement to others. It is therefore my Opinion that there is no Room, nor the least shadow of Pretence, to shew Mercy and Compassion to *Dives*.

Fabris.

Fabrit. I can truly say, without Vanity, or Partiality to myself, that a more tender Nature, nor a more human Disposition, than my own, is not in Life; with Pity and Concern I beheld the wretched *Dives*: Wretched by his own Arts and Schemes, by his wanton Dalliance with Power and Authority. But when I reflect on the Calamities and Miseries, his Counsels and wicked Projects have brought upon us, My Soul is on Fire, and my Indignation rises for Loss of present Glory, and Thoughts of future Shame.

3d. Senat. It must be confess'd we are in a melancholly Condition; despised Abroad, impoverish'd at Home: The Means and Cause of these Misfortunes are the weak and rash Machinations of *Dives*, and his Accomplices. Therefore Mercy to him will be Cruelty to ourselves and Fellow-Subjects.

Senat. No Mercy, no Mercy.

Fabrit. Is it your Opinion, Fathers, that *Dives* is Guilty, of all the various and enormous Crimes with which he stands charged against the Honour and Dignity of his Imperial Majesty, the Laws and Constitution of a free and ancient Common-weal, the Peace, Interest, and Posterity of this our *Atlantick* Kingdom?

Senat. Guilty, guilty.

Fabrit. Is it your Pleasure, Fathers, that I read and pronounce the Sentence and Decree of the Senate?

Senat. Yes, yes.

Fabritius reads the Sentence.

Whereas *Dives* the Senator hath for many Years past, exercised an Arbitrary and Tyrannick Power over his Imperial Majesty's Loving Subjects, and hath attempted to model our Constitution, and reduce all the Laws to his own Schemes and Humours: And whereas he the said *Dives* hath sunk the Honour, Dignity, and Glory of our Nation, and hath contracted Leagues and Friendship with the *Carthaginians*, the ancient Enemies of our Land, and involv'd us in various Difficulties, Hazards, Dangers, Losses, and Disgraces; for these and other his notorious Crimes, Offences, and Misdemeanours, it is the unanimous Resolution and Decree of this Senate that he the said *Dives* be degraded from all Honours and Dignities, and he is hereby degraded accordingly. And further, it is decreed by this Senate that the Estates of the said *Dives* be confiscated to the Publick Exchequer, his fine House pull'd down, and cras'd from the Foundation. And moreover that he the said *Dives* be committed to the Officers of Justice, who are hereby required and commanded to lead forthwith the said *Dives* to the Place of Execution without the Gates of the City, and there cause his Head to be severed from his Body, according to the ancient *Atlantick* Custom.

Fabrit. Officers take Care of your Prisoner, and do your Duty.

*Tho' Statesmen flourish by nefarious Wiles,
Fatt'ning in Luxury while Fortune smiles;
Impartial Justice, tho' She moves not fast,
Will catch th' unwary Criminals at last.*

Exeunt Omnes.

The



The Downfall of SEJANUS.

SCENE, A Common without the Walls of Rome, with Gibbets, Halter, &c.

Enter Punch and a Hangman.

Hang. I Am come to wait upon your Honour, and obey your Commands. --- Is this same *Sejanus* to go out of the World like a Man, or to die the Death of a mad Dog? He has liv'd like a sad One, from the first Day that the Emperor *Tiberius* took him into Favour.

Punch. I cannot tell, for I have not yet received my Orders, but I expect them every Minute, and the Prisoner with them. --- What a sudden Change has one Day produced! In the Morning he was adored like a Demi-god, and every Body stood in Awe of him; now he is strip'd of his shining Trappings, his Power, and Authority, every One despises him.

Hang. 'Tis very true, Master, I dreaded to see him, but I believe he will dread the Sight of me, and these Instruments of my Occupation. [*Points to the Gibbets, &c.*] If it be his Fate to dance in the Air, the Jig shall be long enough before he is out of Breath, except he comes down handsomely with the Ready: I never trust by Rerale, nor will I fix the Knot under the left Ear, except I am well paid for it.

Punch. How many Families have been ruined by this one great Minister! What Heaps of Treasure had he heaped up, by selling Places, and usurping the Authority of his imperial Master! But now the Day of Reckoning is come: And all he had is seized for the Service of *Tiberius*.

Hang. Then all my Hopes are vanished into Air. --- Sure Ministers and Court Favorites will take Warning for the future from his Example.

Punch. Suppose his Head is to be taken off.

Hang. One Blow with the Ax will do it, if I am well fee'd, otherwise I shall imitate our Lawyers, and do the Work by Halves. --- To divert the Time, I will sing you a Song which I made myself. --- It is a Character of Evil Ministers.

King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury.

GIVE Ear to my Ditty, 'tis merry and new,
The Oracle never spoke what is more true;
And this, when you hear it, brave Boys, you will own,
Or else, if you please, you may let it alone.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

When Persons, who spring from the Scum of the Earth,
And, at most, can but brag of a groveling poor Birth,
Begin in the Sun-shine of Favour to lask,
You must come Cap in Hand, if a Boon you wou'd ask.

Derry down, down, &c.

Their Hearts by Ambition are soon set on Fire,
And nought's unessay'd that can crown their Desire;
But when to themselves they engross once the Ear
Of their Princes, Lud! Lud! how they then domineer!

Derry down, down, &c.

No Turkey-Cocks ever did strut with more Pride,
But if you shou'd offer their Ways to deride,
Their Bull-dogs, or Grey-Hounds will certainly catch you,
And happy you are if they do not dispatch you.

Derry down, down, &c.

Resentment they carry to such a great Length,
Against them in vain you oppose all your Strength;
If where they reside there is found any Law,
They will stretch it to punish, and keep you in Awe.

Derry down, down, &c.

And when they attain to an absolute Sway,
To them, like a Torrent, we all must give Way;
It is but a Folly to sigh or complain,
Complaining and Sighing you'll find are in vain.

Derry down, down, &c.

By Schemes and Pretences new Imposts are laid
To burden the Subject, and yet must be paid:
But that they take Care of themselves, you may swear,
The Poor and the Needy the Pressure must bear.

Derry down, down, &c.

Sejanus invented this Method at first,
Grew wealthy, but may he be ever accurst;
May the Gods shew Compassion, and kindly befriend us,
And from such vile Ministers ever defend us.

Derry down, down, &c.

FINIS.